The director cries at the death of the singer

by

Nathan Anderson

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THEDIRECTOR/THESINGER

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as not

and not

this peacock

as not
and not

this wine

_____ oooooooooooo

{*more than this than grass*

and and

seeing through the floor}

more SPOKEN::

::THEDIRECTOR/THESINGER::

*oh

va
va
va
va

NO ‘THIS MUSIC’ ONLY

BACKGROUND

only

<u>reconfigured</u>

this placeholder

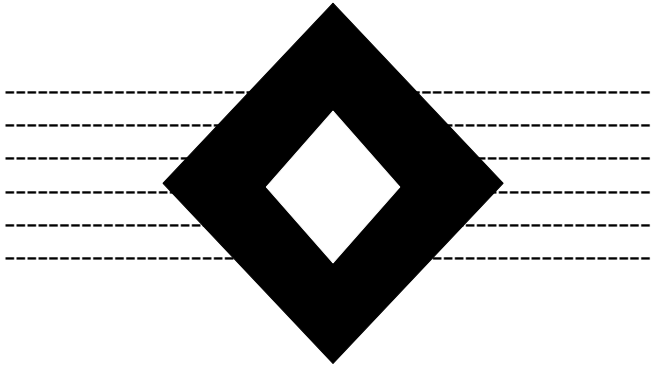
“and the name?”

●●●●●●●●●●●●
●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●
●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●●

●

<u>and that is without whistling</u>

REDACTED
AS
STRESS

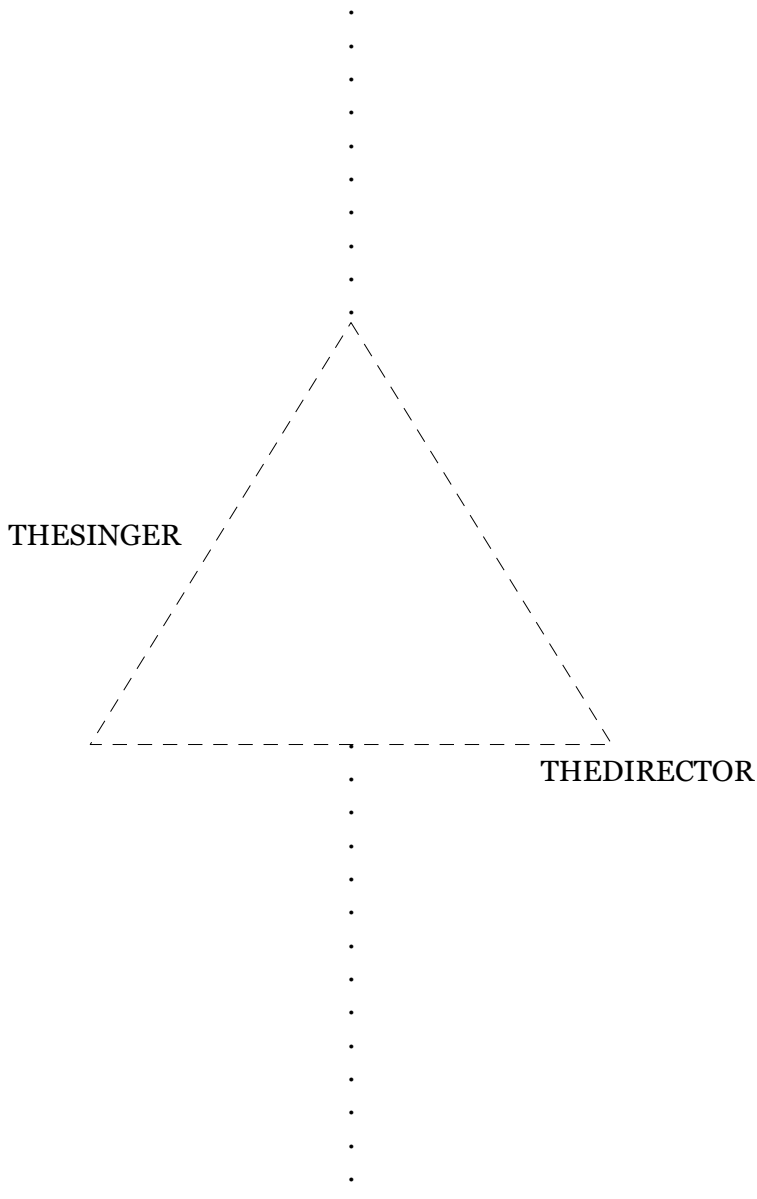


inverted as
the
scapegoat

pigeonholing
various
typescripts

“NO MORE IN THIS SUCCESS”

.


THESINGER
THEDIRECTOR

NOnoNOnoNOno

~~I~~

~~SHOULD~~

~~HAVE~~

~~SLEPT~~

ɵ

ɵ

ɵ

ɵ

ɵ

ɵ

ɵ

ɵ

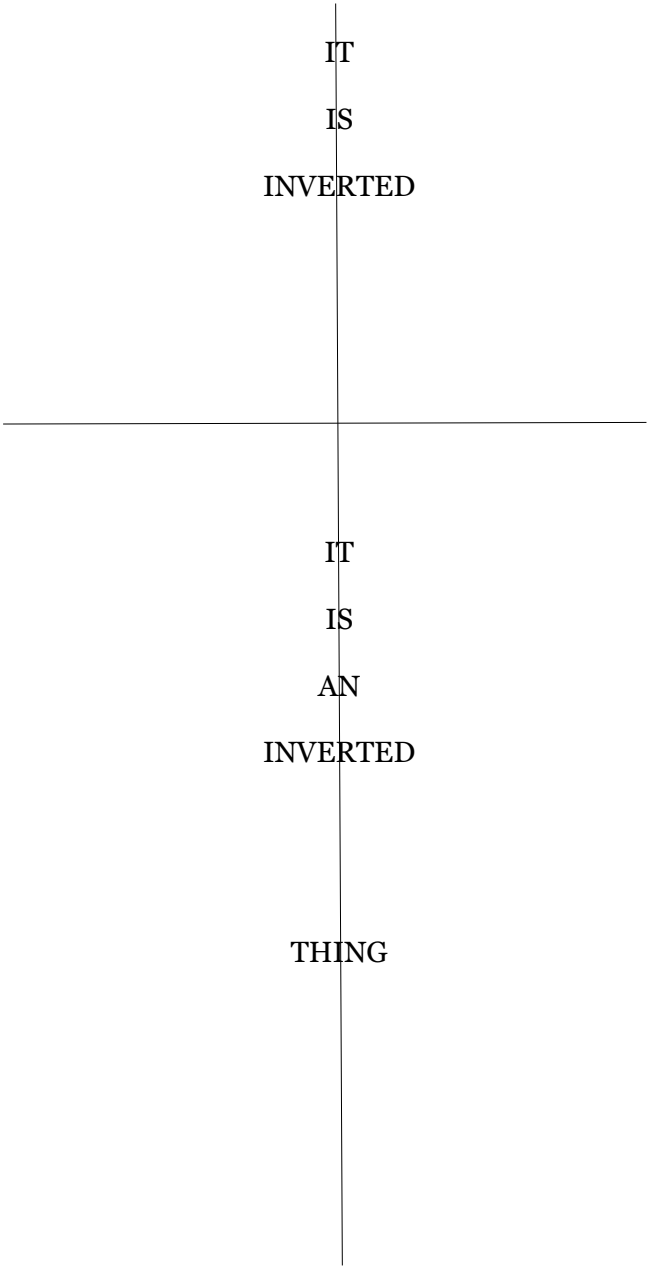
ɵ

the wake form of this procession >>>>>>>>>>> not mercy in continuation. Versatile within guilt and happening happening ... not more than this □ and growing through and not this Δ and was and was and this and this ● *BLENDING within not and blood and continuation ############################## ################## time and stretching into dilation ::: catchall in signal sleep ‘’’’’’’’’’ cannibalising this threading makeshift over M*A*S*K ---------- and turning in the dreaming dreaming. Tourniquet as truncate “NO MORE LISTENING IN THE HEAP” or heat leg worn and laughing through the gas of solstice transitives. {{{{{{{{{{{{{{{{{{{{{{{how?}}}}}}}}}}}}}}}}}}}}}}}}} a stop before this patron and so kneeling after turn of emblem and conniption. NO NO NO NO NO NO not so much in starlit and slower contribution aftershock and :::::::::::::::::::: not more than the food in now and in between and so much battleground - -------- --- ---- --- -------- -- -- -- a leads on to b and not more than that “{elevated in seduction with the rope around the chest}” ############################## ############################## ############################## ################## AND LISTENING WITHOUT THE NEED FOR CLOTHING CATCHING CLOSING COSTING. And blood sounds as trumpets in the ears. ***** what’s more {{{and mired}}} in this matriculation & or also & or also & or also & and sound sound sound sound sound ^^^^^^^^no more of this please^^^^^^^^ P.L.E.A.S.E!!!

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! the chest collapses under the weight of the styrofoam – a style all it's own
and
coming
through
this
inversion
is
the
stake
and
tried
and
trying
within
substance
and
without
haze
and
closing
down
of
interpretation
penetrated
without
snake
to
glide
and
sit
in
bardo
and
this
is

not
the
bardo
this
is
the
closest
thing
to
closest
thing

(.*ding*.)


IT
IS
INVERTED
IT
IS
AN
INVERTED
THING

Nathan Anderson is a poet and artist from Mongarlowe, Australia. He is the author of numerous books and has had work appear widely both online and in print.

Website: nathanandersonwriting.home.blog
Bluesky: @njapoetry.bsky.social